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'ESQUIRES' AND 'GENTLEMEN.'

THE question is often asked: 'Shall I call him Mr Jones, or Jones, Esq.?' and the answer is: 'Oh, put Jones, Esq.; everybody is an Esquire nowadays; and it may offend him to put Mr Jones.'

Now, whether it is offensive to Jones or not, is immaterial, because he either has a right to the title of Esquire, or he has no right to it, and this depends upon the social position in life of Jones. In looking over the list of persons present at a levée, we never see any Esquires mentioned, but a list of 'Messieurs' is given, a title not found in any table of precedence in England; but on reference to the most authentic tables, we find, after knights' younger sons, come *esquires*, gentlemen, yeomen, tradesmen, artificers, labourers. Thus, it appears that an esquire comes above a 'gentleman,' and below the younger sons of knights.

The word esquire is derived from the French *écuyer*, and the Latin *scutum*, meaning a shield; or rather, the hide of which shields were anciently made, and afterwards covered. An esquire was originally he who attended a knight in the time of war and carried his shield, whence he was called *écuyer* in French, and *scutifer* or *armiger* in Latin. The following extract from an old work on Heraldry, shows that in former days the title of Esquire was held only by persons who came under the rules which gave a man the title, and not, as in the present day, by anybody who considers himself entitled to it: 'In the reign of Henry V., by a statute passed in the first year of his reign, it was enacted that in all cases of outlawry, the additions of the estate, degree or profession of the defendant, should be inserted in the process; and it thus became necessary to ascertain who were entitled to the degree of Esquire; and it was determined by the most learned in the degrees of honour that there were seven sorts of esquires—namely (1) Esquires of the king's body, limited to four; they keep the door of the king's bedchamber whensoever he shall please to go to

bed, walk at a coronation, and have precedence of all knights' younger sons. (2) The eldest sons of knights and their eldest sons successively. (3) The eldest sons of the youngest sons of barons, and others of the greater nobility. (4) Such as the king invests with collars of SS, as the kings-at-arms, heralds, &c., or shall grant silver or white spurs to; the eldest sons of these last mentioned only could bear the title of esquire. (5) Esquires to the Knights of the Bath, being their attendants on their installation; these must wear coat-armour, according to the law of arms, are esquires for life, and also their eldest sons, and have the same privilege as the esquires of the king's body. (6) Sheriffs of counties, and justices of the peace (with this distinction, that a sheriff, in regard to the dignity of his office, is an esquire for life; but a justice of the peace only so long as he continues in the commission), and all those who bear special office in the king's household, as gentlemen of the king's chamber, carvers, sewers, cupbearers, pensioners, serjeants-at-arms, and all that have any near or especial dependence on the king's royal person, and are not knighted; also captains in the wars, recorded in the king's lists. (7) Counsellors-at-law, bachelors of divinity, law, and physic; mayors of towns are reputed esquires, or equal to esquires (though not really esquires), also the king's pennon-bearer, who is a person that carries the king's flag, either at war or at a funeral.'

Camden, in his *Britannia*, makes out only four sorts of esquires—(1) The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons in perpetual succession. (2) The eldest sons of younger sons of peers, and their eldest sons in like perpetual succession. (3) Esquires created by the king's letters-patent or other investiture, and their eldest sons. This creation has long been disused. (4) Esquires by virtue of their offices, as justices of the peace, and others who bear any office of trust under the Crown, if styled esquires by the king in their commissions and appointments.

'Esquires of the king,' mentioned in the previous list, are now disused. Barristers-at-law are now fully possessed of the title 'Esquire;' but

it seems that the degree of barrister-at-law is of greater worth than the title 'Esquire' or degree of M.A. The Court of Common Pleas—a great many years ago—refused to hear an affidavit read because a barrister named in it was not called Esquire.

The real reason why there are so many Esquires in the present day is easily explained by the fact, that just as people use arms who have no heraldic right to do so, so they choose the highest title they can decorate their names with; and as the investiture or creation of Esquire has now become obsolete, there is not the same reason why a man should not call himself Esquire, as there is to prevent him calling himself 'Sir' or 'Lord.'

Nearly a hundred years ago, it seems that those who wished to preserve the title or dignity of Esquire for those who came within the rules before mentioned, were much vexed at the common use of the title. One writer says: 'There is a general opinion that every gentleman of landed property that has three hundred pounds a year is an esquire; which is a vulgar error, for no money whatsoever, or landed property, will give a man properly this title unless he come within the rules; and no person can ascribe this title where it is not due, there being no difficulty in drawing the line. But the meaner ranks of the people, who know no better, do often basely prostitute this title; and, to the great confusion of all rank and precedence, every man who makes a decent appearance, far from thinking himself in any way ridiculed by finding the superscription of his letters thus decorated, is fully gratified by such address.' Shakspeare says: 'Let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity.'

Let us now return to our friend Jones, and if he is not to be addressed as Esquire, what shall we call him? We must say Mr Jones, for that is the title of a 'gentleman.' Who, then, are gentlemen? Under this name, all are included who are not yeomen, tradesmen, artificers, or labourers. The word is from the French *gentil*, and the Saxon *man*—that is, a man well born, or one that has done something worthy either in peace or war, whereby he deserves to bear arms and to be accounted a gentleman. The following extract from Guillim's *Display of Heraldry* is worthy of notice: 'In these days he is a gentleman who is commonly so taken, and whosoever studieth the laws of this realm, who studieth in the university, who professeth liberal sciences, and, to be short, who can live without manual labour, and will bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called "Master," and shall be taken for a gentleman.'

A few years ago, a difficulty arose in one of the police courts in London. A person described as 'a gentleman' was charged with swearing, and he was also charged with disorderly conduct. But the charge of swearing was under a statute of George II., which enacts 'that every labourer, sailor, or soldier, profanely swearing, shall forfeit one shilling; every other person under the degree of a gentleman, two shillings; and every gentleman or person of superior rank, five shillings to the poor of the parish wherein such offence was committed.' The case was proved. 'But,' said the magistrate, 'you are not a labourer, soldier,

or sailor; and it is certain you are not a gentleman.' So he was fined two shillings, as being of the class 'every other person.'

Degrees of nobility and gentry were in use before the Norman Conquest, for the Saxons admitted to the estate of gentry only those who had increased their wealth or gains by honest husbandry or as merchants. In Saxon times, there were the earl and churl, theyne and undertheyne; and in Lambert's *Perambulation of Kent* it is stated: 'If a churl so thrived that he had fully five hides of land of his own, a church and a kitchen, a bellhouse and a gate, a seat and several office in the king's hall, then he was thenceforth the theyne's right worthy. And if a theyne so thrived that he served the king on his journey, rode in his household, if he then had a theyne which him followed, who to the king's expectations had five hides, and in the king's palace his lord served, and thrice with an errand had gone to the king, he might afterwards play his lord's part at any need; so a theyne could become an earl, and an earl could become an earl right worthy. And if a merchantman so thrived that he passed over the wide sea thrice of his own craft, he was thenceforth the theyne right worthy. And if a scholar so thrived through learning that he had degree and served Christ, he was thenceforth of dignity and peace so much worth as thereunto belonged, unless he forfeit, so that he lose the use of his degrees.'

It is a common thing to find in old churchyards the names of persons on tombstones followed by the word 'gent' or 'gentleman,' which shows that in those days the title was more thought of than it is now. According to the laws of honour, gentlemen had certain privileges; but, like the esquires, there is now no certainty as to the right of a person to call himself either 'esquire' or 'gentleman.'

There is yet another class of people, the yeomen. Sir Edward Coke says: 'A yeoman is he that hath free land of forty shillings by the year, who was anciently thereby qualified to serve on juries, vote for knights of the shire, and do any other act, where the law requires one that is *probus et legalis homo*.'

The yeomanry were famous in olden times for archery and manhood. Our infantry, which so often conquered the French and repulsed the Scots, was composed of yeomen; but in these days, the yeomanry, though in some parts they are more disciplined and better drilled than in other districts, cannot surpass in valour and hardiness the yeomen of days gone by.

It seems hard to class tradesmen, artificers, and labourers together as 'the rest of the commonalty; for under the head of 'tradesmen' we have some of the wealthiest and wisest men in the country; but just as many of our nobility are traders, so many of our manufacturers are, by virtue of public offices held by them, endowed with titles of honour. A man may be 'Mr' in his private business, and a Right Honourable as a public man.

The people of England are divided into certain ranks and degrees, and it is good and necessary that these ranks and degrees should be preserved. It has been said that 'All men are by nature equal;' but this is a false proposition, for all men are by nature unequal, and very unequal. We

may discover within a few weeks after a child is born a marked difference between it and other children; and as it grows in years, and its mind and body become developed under a course of 'education,' the difference or inequality of nature becomes more distinct every day, even if other children have the same and equal advantages. All men have an equal right to justice or to their own property; but one man has rights and claims which another has not, for the ordinary blood-relationships show this; father and son, husband and wife, have equal, but different rights; and in short, whenever one man is set over another, there are equal rights, but the things they have a right to are manifestly unequal. That all men should be equal, is contrary to nature, and such a condition of things would bring about much misery and destroy all happiness. The experiment has been tried; but the result has been assassination, murder, and anarchy. In England, so excellent is our form of government, that the son of the poorest and humblest man may rise to the highest position in the church, law, army, navy, or any other department; and there is no limit to the wealth and honour a man may achieve by honest industry.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XLIII.—CONCLUSION.

THE time of those most eminent family solicitors Pounce and Pontifex was too valuable for Mr Pontifex, the real, if not the titular, head of the firm, to spare more than two or three days, even to so important a client as the Marchioness of Leominster, mistress of Castel Vawr. It is with these veteran legal advisers of the great, as it was of old in Merovingian France with mayors of the palace—the man who knows all must manage all, for the comfort of His Grace or the Earl. Even Clare, grateful as she felt to her own lawyer, Mr Sterling, for his good service and faith in her cause, soon to be splendidly recompensed, and never forgotten, felt that Pounce and Pontifex must still keep the title-deeds and transact the business of the almost princely House of which her husband had been chief. The Lincoln's Inn solicitors were like grand functionaries of state, true to the reigning sovereign, and to displace them would have been almost as much an act of vandalism as to modernise Norman Castel Vawr with terra-cotta pottery and encaustic tiles.

Mr Pontifex stayed for his instructions. The only one of them to which he demurred was the order to pay into the hands, the false greedy hands, of Countess Louise de Lalouve the large sum of money which Clare had promised her.

'Such a foreign adventuress as that must be paid for her trouble, of course; but surely not, Lady Leominster, enriched so undeservedly. A more moderate sum would amply'—

'I promised, Mr Pontifex; and I must keep my word to the letter, no matter how the guerdon has been earned, or how base may be the recipient,' interrupted Clare.

Mr Pontifex seemed as if still inclined to remonstrate; but at that moment a servant entered the room and delivered him a letter.

He opened and read it. It was from Mr Sterling, and was very brief:

DEAR SIR—It will be unnecessary for Her Ladyship the Marchioness of Leominster to trouble herself further in the matter of the reward promised to the foreign Countess de Lalouve. She and her husband were yesterday apprehended in London by two French agents of police, on a charge, which, if proved against them, will render them liable to possibly life-long imprisonment. I have also learned much as to that wicked woman's proceedings in the painful case in which I have had the honour to act for her Ladyship; and I find that even a few days ago the Countess's husband offered, if the hush-money were raised by the side which you then represented, to withdraw from the bargain made with my late client, and leave her to her fate. In these circumstances—which I think can be verified by Miss Cora Carew—her Ladyship may consider herself fully exonerated from any promise which in good faith she may have made to that worthless and treacherous woman.

And so this matter was settled as Mr Pontifex had wished.

It was a bad time for Sir Pagan when the little lawyer went away from Castel Vawr. Mr Pontifex was not congenial company for the half-educated baronet of sporting tastes; but, at any rate, he was a man; and gentlemen of Sir Pagan's degree of culture and intellectual calibre can only talk to men. The out-at-elbows lord of Carew had promised his sister Clare that he would stay with her at her Border castle as long as his presence would be a comfort and a protection to her, and he kept his word, though time hung very heavily on his hands; and to stroll and smoke about the stables, and take counsel with the veterinary surgeon about a sick horse, and chat with neighbouring farmers over a promising colt or the breaking-in of a kicking filly, were his only resources. It was not for very long that Sir Pagan was to be condemned to lead a solitary life at Castel Vawr. Clare was soon to have, in Arthur Talbot, a protector and a companion for the rest of her days; and indeed, before two months were over, a very quiet wedding, without pomp or glitter or ceremony, and in which the Rector of the parish was deemed of sufficient parson-power to tie the marriage-knot, without episcopal or even archidiaconal aid, took place in the little church which had witnessed the interrupted espousals of the pseudo-Marchioness and Lord Putney. And then Arthur Talbot and Clare of Leominster were man and wife, and the castle had a new master, and Sir Pagan was free to go back to his bachelor bower in Bruton Street.

Sir Pagan did not go alone. On one point all Clare's persuasions had failed. Cora Carew was inexorable. In vain did the Marchioness plead with the sister who had for a time supplanted her to let the past be forgotten, and to live with her, cherished and beloved, until such time as she should herself marry.

'You are very, very kind, my own dear, noble Clare,' answered the contrite girl; 'it is like you to wish it, and like you to urge it; but it can never be. I shall be no man's wife now, young as I am. I have worn the bride's veil and the bridal

white for the first and last time. Yesterday, I sent to Lord Putney a very humble letter, craving his pardon for the injury I had been about to do him. He was absurd in some respects, but he was honest. I owed him that much of reparation. Nor ever again shall I look Society in the face.—Yes, I forgot,' she added quickly, and with a sudden light in her sad eyes; 'when I am on my way, as I shall often be, I hope, to smooth a sufferer's pillow and minister by a bed of pain, then I may meet the scornful eyes of those who knew me, and not be ashamed.'

Nothing which her sister could say, no entreaty, no argument, could make Cora flinch from her purpose. 'No, Clare, dearest,' she replied resolutely; 'I see my road before me now clearly; and the future with me must help to atone for the past. If I was obstinate in wrong, now I shall be steadfast, for my conscience-sake, in what I believe to be right. And not even your dear voice can make me swerve from the life I have chosen.'

Cora therefore lives at her brother's house in Bruton Street, occupying the same rooms which her sister formerly tenanted, and giving up her days and her thoughts to works of mercy. Of the three thousand a year which she receives from the bounty of the Marchioness, a third, by arrangement, goes to Sir Pagan, and thereby greatly lightens the burdens and promotes the comfort of that impecunious but well-meaning baronet; while the remainder is expended, almost to the last sixpence, in the good works for which a vast city offers only too extended a field. In the squalid far East of London, where poverty is normal, and the wolf prowls ever at the doors of myriads, Cora's plain little brougham and Cora's simple attire, and her lovely face, thin and careworn now, but with a soft earnestness in the blue eyes, are familiar sights. And blessings follow her as she goes, for she has lightened many a heavy heart and brightened many a desolate hearth. Her only visits are to the poor and the afflicted. She has kept her word. Society will never again see Cora Carew attempt to take her place in its ranks.

For Madame de Lalouve and her husband, Nemesis, as we have already indicated, was waiting. The perfidious are not seldom too little on their guard against the possible treachery of others. It was so in this case. The confession of a foreign partner of theirs in a former crime had turned evidence against them, and they were, as we know, apprehended. Their trial in Paris shortly followed, and they were both sentenced to a period of twenty years' imprisonment, which sentence, if still alive, they are at the present moment working out in one of the convict establishments of France.

There is so much of fraud and so much of folly and of frivolity to mingle with the wholesome tide of life, that it is not very likely that Silas Melville, now principal of the Private Inquiry Office, will soon find his occupation gone.

Nurse Dawson's last years were spent in comfort, thanks to the bounty of her former charge the Marchioness, of whom the old woman thought and spoke consistently as dear Miss Clare. A less interesting person, Mary Ann Pinnett, disappeared about the time of the Countess de Lalouve's apprehension, and we have no desire to seek out her whereabouts.

As a matter of form, the notice of action was withdrawn; and the case of Leominster, otherwise Carew v. Carew, otherwise Leominster, expunged from the assize roll at Marchbury courthouse. The gentlemen of the long-robe of course had their retaining fees and their 'refreshers,' to console them for the loss of an opportunity for forensic display.

Of Clare and Arthur, loving and beloved, and making a wise and noble use of the gifts of fortune, there is not much to tell. There are happy homes with which the chronicler feels as if he had no right to meddle, and it may suffice to say that never had any reigning Marchioness of Leominster been so loved and honoured by rich and poor around Castel Vavr as was Clare, the castle's bright and beautiful young mistress. The present Marquis and his wife—for Dolly Montgomery has at length consented to become a Benedick—are on friendly terms there, and even grim Lady Barbara is an occasional visitor.

And Lord Putney? There were those who thought that what had occurred would have been enough to break his withered heart, or supposing that organ to be too tough for such a catastrophe, would at anyrate damp his buoyant spirits. He did certainly go abroad for a time; but after a short rustication in Paris, Nice, Cannes, he reappeared, in the early flush of the London season, at his club. The veteran dandy seemed impervious to mental distress and unconscious of ridicule. There he was, tripping as lightly as ever on the points of his varnished boots, staring as pertinaciously as ever through his gold-rimmed eyeglass, still tapping his enamelled snuff-box, and relating his well-worn anecdotes, as of old. 'I really don't think I shall marry, really, now,' was his airy answer to a blundering attempt at condolence on the part of some well-intentioned friend. And perhaps, at his time of life, and after the recent shipwreck of his hopes of conjugal felicity, his lordship's prospects as a marrying man are nil.

THE END.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN OFFICIAL.

I HAVE two objects in view in placing some Indian experiences before the public. One is, to bring home to those who 'stay at home' the responsibilities and difficulties that often devolve upon their countrymen in India, many of whom are very young men. I do so in the hope of lessening the tendency to criticise and to find fault with those who work in bad climates and far away from home. Their hands, indeed, should be strengthened, so that in taking responsibilities upon themselves, they may do so cheerfully, with the feeling that their countrymen will regard their work with a kindly eye as 'done for the best.' How often have Indian officials been deeply hurt by disparaging remarks with reference to their work made in the Houses of Parliament by individuals who, from want of Indian experience, were quite incapable of forming a correct opinion on the subjects they handled so freely.

My second object is, to show to young men who are drawn towards India, that industry in

their work will invariably be successful. Indeed, a man with special knowledge of any subject will sooner or later be sure to find the advantage of it. I knew an ensign who obtained a civil appointment of between seven and eight hundred pounds per annum, simply because he had made himself in some measure fit for it by working at engineering at leisure times. So a knowledge of geology, botany, or of any natural science, has often greatly promoted a man's career. Even a good voice, or musical ability, has drawn attention to a man, and opened a door of advancement. Industry and steadiness are the preliminaries of success. I need hardly mention the necessity of extreme moderation in the use of alcoholic drinks. Perhaps 'abstinence' might be the better recommendation; at all events, every one should give it a fair trial, extending over a considerable period. Certainly those whose duty takes them out much in the sun should be more than moderate. Provided men have constitutions fairly suited to a hot climate, and take proper precautions, the sun need not be feared.

It is not the man with brilliant showy qualities that India wants. Take Outram, Havelock, the Lawrences, and many other leading men—their success was due to their strong sense of duty, and to the honesty and determination of their characters. Sterling characters they were indeed, greatly perfected by the responsibilities thrown upon them early in life. Strong in themselves, and stronger in their reliance on a Higher Power, they were ready, when the time came, to act, and they acted not in vain. So a steady persistence in the work that comes to the hand of any one in India will most surely meet with its reward. There was a private soldier at the taking of Seringapatam, who eventually gained a commission, and who long held a staff appointment of great responsibility. He had a large family, and all his daughters married officers or Civil Service gentlemen; two of his sons, after distinguished careers in the army, being now general officers. His success was due simply to a conscientious sense of duty and integrity of character. The power of acting in emergencies was wonderfully exemplified in his case, when arriving one morning at the Grand Arsenal, which was under his charge, he found one of his subordinates out of his mind, walking about a magazine of ammunition smoking a large cigar. Quietly entering into conversation with the lunatic, he walked slowly with him towards the door, and once outside, he snatched the cigar away and crushed it between his hands until every spark was extinguished.

In spite of all that detractors say of the little good English rule has done for India, it is certain that every English official has great power for good or for evil. How many well-known instances have existed, and still exist, of the popularity of civilians, who, though firm and strict, are nevertheless just and kind in dealing with natives. There are still military officers whom their men will follow through fire and water. Let those, then, who think of Indian service, take it to their heart that they are undertaking a career that may be good and noble if they will. As their opportunities of doing good will be very great, so will their responsibilities be heavy. But

if they will pursue a steady consistent course of duty, treating natives as they would wish to be treated themselves, were their places reversed, the reward will come. The natives of India very much resemble children in character, and require similar treatment; and there are no people in the world more amenable to kindness. Once gain their affections and confidence, and anything may be done with them. Cases are not unknown of the civilian collector being greeted joyfully throughout his district tours. And if there is a reverse side to the picture, so much the more incumbent is it upon those who desire India's welfare to work with all their might to counteract the defects that necessarily appertain to a foreign rule. We have our national defects, making us more or less unpopular with foreign nations, and many characters wanting in discipline find their way to India. But as our treatment of natives generally has much improved and is improving, we may hope that at no distant day there will be little to say against us on this head.

I will now relate one of my earliest experiences of Indian life, which made a deep impression upon me. The story is strictly true, with the possible exception of some minor details, as, having made no notes at the time, I tell it from memory.

Some thirty years ago, the adjutant of one of the Indian cavalry regiments was killed under very peculiar circumstances. He was standing carving a joint at his dinner-table one evening after dark, when a muffled figure sprang into the room from the veranda behind him, fired, and disappeared as quickly as he entered. The poor officer, who was alone with his wife at the time, received a mortal wound, and soon died. The usual inquiries took place, for some time unsuccessfully, until at last a trooper of the same regiment was charged with the crime. Circumstances, however, had caused a strong feeling to prevail both for and against him in the station where the murder was committed; in consequence of which, a court-martial was ordered to try the case at a large station some two hundred miles distant; and there, prisoner, witnesses, and all concerned, were ordered to proceed. I was then a young officer, doing duty at this very station, and was ordered, by way of gaining experience, to attend the court throughout the trial. As it extended over two or three weeks, it gave me an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the forms and manner of conducting the proceedings of courts-martial. The scene was indeed imposing on the first day of its assembling. The president and members of it, some thirteen or fifteen in number, were all field-officers, in full dress. The judge-advocate, who prosecuted, was an officer of great legal experience; and the interpreter was an English officer who lived entirely among natives. He was brought in from a distant station in consequence of his being a perfect linguist. Most truly he deserved the distinction of being directed to supersede all the interpreters at the station, one of whom, under ordinary circumstances, would have been ordered to perform the duty. He used to take a paper written in English, full of legal phrases and technical terms, and without ever having seen it before, translate it into the purest Hindustani, reading it off, as it seemed, from the paper before him.

On the first day of the court-martial, after all the formalities had been fulfilled, orders for the assemblage having been read, president, members, judge-advocate, and interpreter, all sworn, the prisoner was ordered into court. I shall never lose the impression made upon me by his entrance. A man almost of the finest appearance I ever saw in any country, perhaps six feet four inches in height, dressed in the handsome light-blue uniform of the Indian cavalry, walked in. His bearing was truly noble as he took his place at the further end of the room between the two English soldiers who guarded him. When asked if he was 'Guilty or not guilty' of the crime laid to his charge, he replied in a calm, clear voice: 'Yih kam meere hath se nuheen hua' (I did not do this work). The trial then proceeded. One witness deposed to having seen the prisoner running towards his house, in a somewhat bent position, as if hiding something under his clothes, assumed to be a gun, on the night the adjutant was shot. Other evidence stated that pieces of a gun, apparently newly buried, had been found under the soil of a garden close to the prisoner's house. More witnesses swore that the prisoner, who had been reduced from the grade of havildar (or sergeant) by the action of the deceased adjutant, had in their presence threatened to do for him, and so on. At first sight, the evidence, though only circumstantial, seemed overwhelming against the prisoner; but the sifting considerably changed the complexion of the case.

The prisoner was ably and enthusiastically defended by a young officer, who before entering the army had studied law. Owing to the efficient manner in which the defence was conducted, much of the evidence was shaken; and it was proved that the bullet found in the deceased officer's body, and produced in court, could never have been fired from the gun found buried in the garden near the prisoner's house. This break-down of what was thought to be the strongest evidence created a great sensation; but still the prosecution was pushed on, and in the end the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to death. A very strong feeling, however, prevailed in some minds that he was not the actual perpetrator of the deed. Such seemed to be the opinion of the commander-in-chief, or rather of his legal adviser; for after a long delay, though the finding of the court was confirmed, the sentence was commuted to transportation with hard labour for life. Some remarks were added, not very judiciously, to the effect that such a punishment was worse than death—that the prisoner would linger out a miserable existence in irons, and so on. The attempt to excuse the alteration of the sentence was unwise, because, as the sequel will show, on convicts reaching the penal settlement, they become subject to the rules there made for them. They were treated according to their conduct after arrival, not according to the crime for which they were transported. The truth is there was just a doubt, in the absence of any direct proof, about the prisoner being the actual murderer, and hence it was decided not to carry out the extreme penalty of the law.

During the time—some four months, I think—before the sentence was published, the prisoner might be seen taking his daily walk before the

main-guard of the station, with two soldiers guarding him. He retained always the same dignified and noble bearing, and his behaviour rather increased the sympathy that had been enlisted in his favour. At last the matter was ended by the publication of the sentence; and the prisoner was removed to the penal settlement of Penang, in the Straits of Malacca.

Soon after, I proceeded to join my regiment, and for the next two years I was more or less travelling in different parts of India. At the end of this period, I found myself at Singapore, acting as adjutant and interpreter of a wing of my regiment, sent over on account of some disturbances among the Chinese. Singapore is about two days' steaming from Penang. From motives of interest, I inquired and ascertained that the good conduct of the cavalry trooper, who had been sent there, had commended him to his superiors. Some eighteen months afterwards, I was pleased to find that I had been selected to fill the appointment of Superintendent of Convicts and Executive Engineer Officer at Penang. This success was due to my having passed as interpreter in the Hindustani language and to having some engineering knowledge. On taking up the appointment, I found the situation to be as follows. Some six months previously, during a flogging parade, one of the convicts had attacked and killed the English sergeant who superintended the jail. He then proceeded to attack other officials; and would have succeeded in killing them, had it not been for the conduct of the ex-trooper and one other convict. At the risk of their lives, they seized the murderer and took him to the guard. All the petty officers, themselves convicts, promoted for good behaviour, ran off and returned when the *émeute* was over. It naturally became incumbent upon the authorities to reward the two men who had behaved well, and they were promoted to the lowest grade of petty officer. This was a sort of probationary position only; but it was thought best to be cautious in improving the cavalry soldier's status, as the newspapers had already commented on the very different treatment he was receiving compared with that described in the sentence of the commander-in-chief.

I saw the convict trooper for the first time in Penang one morning when visiting the brick-fields. He was superintending a body of convicts treading clay in a large pit for bricks, work to which the worst characters—namely, those who had committed serious crimes since they had entered the convict establishment—were put. These men all wore thirteen-pound leg-irons; and terrible-looking ruffians they were. Many of them were Indian Thugs, who could probably boast of murders by the score, caught in the days when Colonel Sleeman broke up their society. Then there were dacoits from Bengal, Sikhs from the Punjab, Parsees from Bombay, and perhaps the greatest villains of all were Chinese pirates from Hong-kong. But to return to *our* convict, whom I could not recognise in the least degree. He seemed entirely altered—had shrunk away, and his bright cheerful manner was gone. I thought it best that neither he nor any of the other officials of the establishment should know that I was personally acquainted with his antecedents. I heard, however, that he always

declared his innocence, and complained that his life had been spoiled. His behaviour as convict and as petty officer had been simply perfect—in reality he was the most satisfactory man among a body of fourteen hundred convicts.

Further acquaintance with the establishment showed the system of management to be a mixture of laxity and severity. Convicts of good conduct got tickets-of-leave in two or three years after arrival, and were allowed to live in the town, keep shops, and so on. Many of them were rich, and all had money. They were, however, subject to be recalled into jail, failing good behaviour, and were liable to the same punishments as other convicts. There was a gang of robbers among those in the jail, who, with the connivance of some of the petty officers, were let out by a back-entrance to commit robberies in the town. Under these circumstances, it was most important to promote to the grade of petty officer any man who could in the least degree be trusted. The ex-trooper was the first on the list for promotion. The superintendent had nothing to do with the crime for which he was transported, and his claims could not in justice be overlooked. On stating the facts of the case to the representative of the Straits government, I was directed to promote the man, the only reservation being, that the belt and silver plate, the badge of office, should not be used in the public streets. This was to prevent, as far as possible, public attention being drawn to the case; for Indian newspapers, often in want of subjects, were in those days not very scrupulous as regards the dressing up of a story, provided it could be made interesting. As long as I remained, he showed himself to be fully worthy of promotion, retaining his reserved though respectful demeanour, and seemed to think of nothing but his duty. After a time, the effects of a fever, caught long before, sent me to England, and I saw the trooper no more. But what says the reader: Guilty or not guilty?

Later on, I was much and long occupied in judicial matters, and accustomed to weigh and sift evidence; but after many years of reflection, I have still never been able to form a conclusion as to this man's guilt or innocence, and the case remains in my memory as one 'Not proven.'

THE ROSERY FOLK.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DOCTOR ABOARD.

THE thrust given by Scarlett before the breaking of the oar, aided by the impetus given by his feet as he fell, sent the boat back into the rapid stream beyond the eddy; and in spite of the doctor's efforts, he could not check its course, till, suddenly starting up, he used his oar as a pole, arresting their downward course as he scanned the surface towards the piles.

'Sit down, Mrs Scarlett!' he cried in a voice of thunder.—'Hold her, or she will be over.'

Aunt Sophia had already seized Mrs Scarlett's dress, and was dragging her back, the three women sitting with blanched faces and parted ashy lips, gazing at the place where Scarlett had gone down.

'Don't be alarmed; he swims like a fish,'

said the doctor, though grave apprehension was changing the hue of his own countenance, as he stood watching for the reappearance of his friend.

'Help! help!' cried Mrs Scarlett suddenly; and her voice went echoing over the water.

'Hush! be calm,' cried the doctor.—'Here, quick—you—Mr Prayle! Come and shove down the boat-hook here. She's drifting. Mind, man, mind!' he cried, as Prayle, trembling visibly, nearly fell over as he stooped to get out the boat-hook.

He thrust it down into the water, but in a timid, helpless way.

'Put it down!' cried the doctor; and then, seizing an oar by the middle, he used it as a paddle, just managing to keep the boat from being swept away.

They were twenty yards at least from where Scarlett went down; but had he possessed the power to urge the boat forward, Scales dared not have sent it nearer to the piles with that freight on board. And still those terrible moments went on, lengthening first into one and then into a second minute, and Scarlett did not reappear.

'Why does he not come up?' said Prayle, in a harsh whisper.

'Silence, man! Wait!' cried the doctor hoarsely, as he saw Mrs Scarlett's wild imploring eyes.

'He must have struck his head against a stone or pile,' thought the doctor, 'and is stunned.' And then the horrible idea came upon him, that his poor friend was being kept down by the tons and tons of falling water, every time he would have risen to the top. Two minutes—three minutes had passed, and, as if in sympathy with the horror that had fallen upon the group, the noise of the tumbling waters seemed to grow more loud, and the orange glow of sunset was giving place quickly to a cold gray light.

Aunt Sophia was the next to speak. 'Do something, man!' she cried, in a passionate imploring voice. But the doctor did not heed; he only scanned the surface of the foamy pool.

'There, there, there!' shrieked Mrs Scarlett. 'There, help!—James! Husband! Help!'

She would have flung herself from the boat, as she gazed wildly in quite a different direction; and the doctor, dropping the oar across the boat, sent the frail vessel back from him, rocking heavily; for he had plunged from it headlong into the rushing water, but only to rise directly; and they saw him swimming rapidly towards where something creamy-looking was being slowly carried by the current back towards the piles. The doctor was a powerful swimmer, but he was weary from his exertions. He swam on, though, rapidly nearing the object of his search, caught it by the flannel shirt, made a few tremendous strokes, to get beyond the back-set of the current, and then turned a ghastly face upward to the air. The gig was fifty yards away now, Prayle being helpless to stay its course; and though the doctor looked round, there was neither soul nor boat in sight to give them help.

It was a hard fight; but the doctor won; for some thirty or forty strokes, given with all his might, brought him into the shallow stream, and then the rest was easy; he had but to keep his friend's face above the water while he tried to

overtake the boat. For a moment he thought of landing; but no help was near without carrying his helpless burden perhaps a mile, the lock being on the other side, its keeper perhaps asleep, for he made no sign.

'Cannot that idiot stop the boat?' he groaned. 'At last—at last!' He uttered these words with a cry of satisfaction, for Prayle was making some pretence of forcing the boat up-stream once more.

The doctor was skilful enough to direct his course so that they were swept down to the bows; and grasping the gunwale with one hand, he panted forth: 'Down with that boat-hook! Now, take him by the shoulders. Lean back to the other side and draw him in.'

The swimmer could lend but little help; and Prayle would have failed in his effort, and probably overturned the boat, but for Aunt Sophia, whose dread of the water seemed to have passed away as she came forward, and between them they dragged Scarlett over the side.

The doctor followed, with the water streaming from him, and gave a glance to right and left in search of a place to land.

'It would be no use,' he said quickly. 'While we were getting him to some house, valuable minutes would be gone.—Now, Mrs Scarlett, for heaven's sake, be calm!'

'Oh, he is dead—he is dead!' moaned the wretched woman, on her knees.

'That's more than you know, or I know,' cried the doctor, who was working busily all the time. 'Be calm, and help me.—You too, Miss Raleigh.—Prayle, get out of the way!'

Arthur Prayle frowned and went forward.

Mrs Scarlett made a supreme effort to be calm; while Aunt Sophia, with her lips pressed tightly together, knelt there, watchful and ready, as the doctor toiled on. She it was who, unasked, passed him the cushions which he laid beneath the apparently drowned man, and, at a word, was the first to strip away the coverings from his feet and apply friction, while Scales was hard at work trying to produce artificial respiration by movements of his patient's arms.

'Don't be down-hearted,' he said; 'only work. We want warmth and friction to induce the circulation to return. Throw plenty of hope into your efforts, and, with God's help, we'll have him back to life.'

There was no sign of life in the figure that lay there inert and motionless; but no heed was paid to that. Animated by the doctor's example, aunt and niece laboured on in silence, while the boat rocked from their efforts, and the water that had streamed from the garments of the doctor and his patient washed to and fro.

For the doctor's face was scarlet with his exertions, and the great drops of perspiration stood now side by side with the water that still trickled from his crisp hair.

'Don't slacken,' he cried cheerily. 'I've brought fellows to, after being four or five times as long under water, in the depth of winter too. We shall have a flicker of life before long, I'll be sworn. Is he still as cold? I can't stop to feel.'

Aunt Sophia laid her hand upon the bare white chest of her nephew in the region of his heart; and then, as her eyes met the doctor's, her lips tightened just a little—that was all.

'Too soon to expect it yet.—Don't be despondent, Mrs Scarlett. Be a brave, true, little wife. That's right.' He nodded at her so encouragingly, that, in the face of what he was doing, Mrs Scarlett felt that all little distance between them was for ever at an end, and that she had a sister's love for this true, earnest man.

'Where are we?' he said at last, toiling more slowly now, from sheer exhaustion.

'Very nearly down to the cottage,' replied Prayle; and the doctor muttered an inaudible 'Thank God!' It was not loud enough for wife or aunt to hear, or it would have carried with it a despair far greater than that they felt.

'Can you run her into the landing-place?'

'I'll try,' said Prayle, but in so doubting a tone, that the doctor uttered a low ejaculation, full of impatient anger, and Kate Scarlett looked up.

'Naomi! Quick! Here!' she cried. 'Kneel down, and take my place.'

'Yes; warmth is life,' panted the doctor, who was hoarse now and faint. 'Poor woman! she's fagged,' he thought; 'but still she is his wife.' There was a feeling of annoyance in his breast as he thought this—a sensation of anger against Kate Scarlett, who ought to have died at her post, he felt, sooner than give it up to another. But the next moment he gave a sigh of satisfaction and relief, as he saw her rise and step lightly to where Prayle was fumbling with the oar.

'Sit down!' she said in a quick imperious manner; and, slipping the oar over the stern, she cleverly sculled with it, as her husband had taught her in happier times, so that she sent the gig nearer and nearer to the shore. But in spite of her efforts, they would have been swept beyond, had not the old gardener, waiting their return, waded in to get hold of the bows of the gig and haul it to the side. As it grated against the landing-stage, the doctor summoned all the strength that he had left, to bend down, lift his friend over his shoulder, and then stagger to the house.

CHAPTER IX.—A HARD NIGHT'S WORK.

'Yes,' said Scales excitedly, as he bent over his patient, whom he had placed upon the floor of the study, after ordering fresh medical help to be fetched at once—'yes—there is hope.'

As he spoke, Kate Scarlett uttered a low wail, and Aunt Sophia caught her in her arms; but the stricken wife struggled to get free. 'No, no; I shall not give way,' she panted; 'I will be brave, and help.' For, as the doctor slowly continued his efforts to restore the circulation, there came at last a faint gasp; and soon after, the medical man from the village came in, cool and calm, to take in the situation at a glance.

By this time, Scarlett was breathing with some approach to the normal strength, and Scales turned to his confrère. 'Will you'—he began. He could say no more, from utter exhaustion and excitement, but left the new-comer to complete his task.

It was not a long one now; for soon after, James Scarlett opened his eyes and gazed about; but the light of reason had not yet returned.

'He's dying!' wailed Mrs Scarlett, as she saw her husband's eyes slowly close once more.

'No, no!' said Scales quickly. 'It is exhaustion

and sleep. 'He'll go off soundly now for many hours, and wake up nearly well.'

'Are you saying this to deceive me?' cried Mrs Scarlett.

'Indeed, no; ask our friend here.'

Mrs Scarlett looked at the other appealingly, and he confirmed his confrère's words. But still she was not convinced, so pale and motionless her husband lay, till the doctor signed to her to bend over and lay her ear against her husband's breast.

Then, as she heard the regular heavy pulsation of his heart, she uttered a low, sobbing, hysterical cry, turned to Scales, caught his hand in hers, kissed it again and again, and then crouched lower upon her knees at her husband's side, weeping and praying during his heavy sleep.

The local doctor stayed for a couple of hours, and then, after a short consultation with Scales, shook hands. 'You have done wonders,' he said on leaving.

'No,' said Scales quietly; 'I only persevered.'

'There! he's going on capitally now,' he said, after a time.—'Mr Prayle, you need not stay.'

'Oh, I would rather wait,' said Prayle. 'He may have a relapse.'

'Oh, I shall be with him,' said the doctor confidently. 'I will ask you to leave us now, Mr Prayle. I want to keep the room quiet and cool.'

Arthur Prayle was disposed to resist; but a doctor is an autocrat in a sick-chamber, whom no one but a patient dare disobey; and the result was that Prayle unwillingly left the room.

'Got rid of him,' muttered the doctor.—'Now for the old maid, who, by the way, has behaved like a trump.'

'I don't think you need stay, Miss Raleigh,' he whispered. 'You must be very tired now.'

'Yes, Doctor Scales,' she said quietly; 'but I will not go to bed. You may want a little help in the night.'

'I shall not leave my husband's side,' said Mrs Scarlett firmly.—'Oh, Doctor Scales, pray, pray, tell me the truth; keep nothing back. Is there any danger?'

'Upon my word, as a man, Mrs Scarlett, there is none.'

'You are not deceiving me?'

'Indeed, no. Here is the case for yourself: he has been nearly drowned.'

'Yes, yes,' sobbed Mrs Scarlett.

'Well, he has his breathing apparatus in order again, and is fast asleep. There is no disease.'

'No; I understand that,' said Mrs Scarlett excitedly; 'but—a relapse?'

'Relapse?' said the doctor in a low voice and laughing quietly. 'Well, the only form of relapse he could have would be to tumble in again.'

'Don't; pray, don't laugh at me, doctor,' said Mrs Scarlett piteously. 'You cannot tell what I suffer.'

'O yes, I can,' he said kindly. 'If I laughed, then, it was only to give you confidence. He will wake up with a bad nervous headache, and that's all.—Now, suppose you go and lie down.'

'No; I shall stay with my husband,' she said firmly. 'I cannot go.'

'Well,' he said, 'you shall stay.—Perhaps you will stay with us as well, Miss Raleigh,' he added. 'We can shade the light; and he is so utterly

exhausted, that even if we talk, I don't think he will wake.'

'And he will not be worse?' whispered Mrs Scarlett.

'People will not have any confidence in their medical man. Come, now, I think you might trust me, after what I have done.'

'I do trust you, Doctor Scales, and believe in you as my husband's best and dearest friend,' cried Mrs Scarlett. 'Heaven bless you for what you have done!' She hurriedly kissed his hand; and then, after a glance at her husband's pale face, she went and sat upon the floor beside Aunt Sophia's chair, laid her hands upon the elder lady's knees, and hid her face, sitting there so motionless that she seemed to be asleep.

'I wish she would not do that,' muttered the doctor; and then: 'I hate a woman who behaves in that lapdog way.'

Just as the sky was becoming flecked with tiny clouds of gold and orange, the first brightness that had been seen since the evening before, a few muttered words and a restless movement made doctor and wife hurry to the extempore couch.

'Kate! Where's Kate?' exclaimed Scarlett in a hoarse cracked voice.

'I am here, dear—here at your side,' she whispered, laying her cheek to his.

'Has the boat gone over? Save Kate!'

'We are all safe, dear husband.'

'Fool!—idiot!—to go so near. So dangerous!' he cried excitedly. 'Jack—Jack, old man—my wife—my wife!'

'It's all right, old fellow,' said the doctor cheerily. 'There, there; you only had a bit of a ducking—that's all.'

'Scales—Jack!—Where am I? Where's Kate?'

'Here, dear love, by your side.'

'My head!' panted the poor fellow. 'I'm frightened. What does it mean? Why do you all stare at me like that? Here! what's the matter? Have I had a dream?'

'Be calm, old fellow,' said the doctor. 'You're all right now.'

'Catch hold of my hand, Kate,' he cried, drawing in his breath with a hiss. 'There's something wrong with—here—the back of my neck, and my head throbs terribly. Here! Have I been overboard? Why don't you speak?'

'Scarlett, old fellow, be calm,' said the doctor firmly.—'There; that's better.'

'Yes; I'll lie still. What a frightful headache! But tell me what it all means.—Ah! I remember now. The oar broke, and I went under. I was beaten down.—Jack—Kate, dear—do you hear me?'

'Yes, yes, dear love; yes, yes,' whispered Mrs Scarlett, placing her arm round his neck and drawing his head upon her breast. 'It was a nasty accident; but you are quite safe now.'

'Safe? Am I safe?' he whispered hoarsely. 'That's right, dear; hold me—tightly now.' He closed his eyes and shuddered, while Mrs Scarlett gazed imploringly in the doctor's face.

'The shock to his nerves,' he said quietly. 'A bit upset; but he'll be all right soon;' and as he spoke, the doctor laid his hand upon his friend's pulse.

Scarlett uttered a piercing cry, starting and gazing wildly at his old companion. 'Oh! It

was you,' he panted; and he closed his eyes again. —'Don't leave me, dear—don't leave me! It kept me down,' he said, with another shudder, and speaking as if to himself. 'It kept me down till I felt that I was drowning.—Jack Scales!' he cried aloud, 'how does a man feel when he is drowned?'

'Don't know, old fellow. Never was drowned,' said the doctor cheerily.—'Now, look here; it's only just sunrise, so you'd better go to sleep again, and then you'll wake up as lively as a cricket.'

'Sunrise?—sunrise?' said Scarlett excitedly.—'sunrise?' And as he spoke, he looked round from one to the other. 'Why, you've been sitting up all night!' Then, clinging tightly to his wife's hand, he closed his eyes once more, and lay muttering for a time.

Mrs Scarlett kept following the doctor's every movement with her wistful eyes till he said in a whisper: 'Let him sleep, and I'll come back presently.'

'Don't you leave me, Kate,' said Scarlett, shuddering.

'No, no, dear,' she said tenderly; and the poor fellow uttered a low sigh, and remained with his eyes closed, as the doctor softly left the room, beckoning to Aunt Sophia to follow him.

'I'm going to get a prescription made up,' he said. 'I'll send off the groom on one of the horses; there will be a place open in the town by the time he gets there.'

'Stop a moment,' said Aunt Sophia, clutching at his arm. 'Tell me what this means. Why is he like this?'

'Oh, it is only the reaction—the shock to his nerves. Poor fellow!' he muttered to himself, 'he has been face to face with death.'

'Doctor Scales,' said Aunt Sophia, with her hand tightening upon his arm—'shock to his nerves! He is not going to be like that patient of yours you spoke of the other day?'

The sun was up, and streaming in upon them where they stood in the plant-bedecked hall, and it seemed as if its light had sent a flash into the soul of John Scales, M.D., as he gazed sharply into his querist's eyes and then shuddered. For in these moments he seemed to see the owner of that delightful English home, him who, but a few hours before, had been all that was perfect in manly vigour and mental strength, changed into a stricken, nerveless, helpless man, clinging to his wife in the extremity of his child-like dread.

'No, no! Absurd, absurd! Only a few hours' rest, and he'll be himself.' He hurried into the study, and hastily wrote his prescription, taking it out directly to where the groom was just unfastening the stable-doors.

'Ride over to the town, sir? Yes, sir.—But, beg pardon, sir—master, sir? Is he all right?'

'Oh, getting over it nicely, my man. Be quick.'

'I'll be off in five minutes, sir,' cried the groom; and within the specified time, the horse's hoofs were clattering over the stable-yard as the man rode off.

'Like my patient of whom I spoke!' said the doctor to himself. 'Oh, it would be too horrible! Bah! What an idiot I am, thinking like that weak old lady there. What nonsense, to be sure!'

But as he softly re-entered the room, he hardly dared to meet the young wife's questioning eyes, as she besought him silently to help her in this time of need.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THOSE who have taken the trouble to read the Reports of the various sections of the British Association, published in connection with their recent successful meeting at Southport, will have gained a very good insight into the progress of scientific research. They certainly cannot complain that the fare provided is limited in quantity, nor can they say of it that it is of so technical a nature that only very few can easily digest it. The subjects discussed are indeed of a varied nature, and many of them are of exceptional popular interest. The time has happily gone by when science was only another name for 'dry-as-dust' theories, and the British Association for its advancement are doing a good work when they bring before the public matter which commands something more than mere advancement of knowledge. There are not wanting those who hint that the proceedings are too much of a social character, and that the intended visit of the Association to Canada next year smacks so much of festive greetings, that the real aim of the meeting will be lost sight of. Let them remember that 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' and that what is strictly true of our youngsters at school, may possibly be true also of 'children of a larger growth.' The next meeting of the British Association will be held at Montreal, in August 1884, and, from all accounts, the Canadians are determined to give the members a royal welcome. The legislature has voted a liberal sum to defray expenses; and railway and steamboat Companies are making generous arrangements for excursions to different localities. In 1885, the Association meets at Aberdeen.

From the last volume of trade Reports published by the Foreign Office we gather some interesting information regarding Panama, a city which is perhaps destined, when the interoceanic canal is completed, to become one of the most important places on the earth. Since the establishment of the canal-works, the population has increased enormously. Including Colon and Panama, the Atlantic and Pacific termini of the canal, together with the villages between them, there exists a population of thirty-six thousand people, half of whom are British. The climate during the dry season—December to April—exhibits a steady temperature of about eighty-two degrees Fahrenheit; but during the rest of the year, when rain and storms prevail, it is much hotter. Accidents from lightning are common, and are likely to remain so; for in the city of Panama there is not to be found a lightning-rod. There is no mutton in the country; and when any lucky resident is able to procure a joint, he invites his friends to partake of the unusual delicacy. The Indian equivalent for the word Panama is 'plenty of fish'; and plenty there is, with the curious difference, that those which are taken from the Atlantic side of the Isthmus are

far superior to those on the Pacific side, which latter are not firm, and become tainted very soon after they leave the water. The Isthmus for fifty years had been free from earthquake shocks; but in September last year, the pleasant sense of security which long immunity had cherished was suddenly shaken. On that occasion, many buildings were thrown down; and since that time the inhabitants have had unpleasant reminders—in the shape of three to five shocks per month—that they are not exempt from the influence of those subterranean forces which form such a terror to dwellers in Central America.

Much has lately been written concerning another projected canal, namely, that which its promoters say can be made to connect the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, by utilising the valley of the Jordan. From all accounts, the scheme, which at present exists only on paper, is likely to stop at that primary stage. No one can say that the project is impracticable, because in these days of advanced engineering and powerful appliances, very little is absolutely impossible. But it is evident that the cost of the undertaking must be prohibitory. A large portion of the route lies at a level of about seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and is composed of hard rock. A competent authority calculates that the excavation of one mile of the channel having this height, and a bottom width of three hundred feet, with sloping sides, would represent more than double the whole contents estimated for the Panama Canal. But supposing that the country through which the canal was to be cut was as flat as Holland, the route would be so long in comparison with that of Suez, that ships would have to be enticed by low rates. The older Company would of course at once lower theirs to the same amount, and they are so rich that they must win in the end. Apart from these considerations, there is another objection to the flooding of the Jordan Valley—we mean the annihilation of such places as Tiberias, the Lake of Gennesareth, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, which represent to most of us something more than mere historic interest.

Baron Nordenskjöld's expedition to Greenland has come to an end; and although his surmise, that the interior of that continent would present a succession of verdant plains, and that 'Greenland's icy mountains' only held true of its inhospitable coast, turns out to be incorrect, the voyage has by no means been void of results. His search for cosmic dust was not a difficult one, for dust there was in plenty on the endless snow-fields which cover the country. Whether this dust is of cosmic origin or not, will of course form the subject of careful inquiry. The expedition has secured rich collections of botanical, zoological, and geological specimens, and has penetrated farther into the continent of Greenland than any of its predecessors.

The subject of re-forestation Ontario has lately been occupying the government of that province, at whose instance a Report has been compiled by Mr R. W. Phips of Toronto, dealing in an exhaustive manner with the whole question. This Report opens with an account of the wealth represented by forests of the province at the time when the earliest settlers came upon the scene. Pine, maple, oak, beech, ash, and many other trees were abundant; but the ground

had to be cleared; there was no use for the trees, and so the forests were simply burned down, a process which was regularly carried on for many years. Ontario is now in many parts almost denuded of trees, and wood for use has to be brought from a distance. Mr Phips recommends replanting, precautions against fire, and economy in dealing with the forests which still remain. The government have distributed this Report gratuitously among the farmers of the province, and there is every reason to believe that they will take speedy measures to comply with its recommendations.

We may remind our readers that an international Forestry Exhibition is to be held in Edinburgh next year. The executive Committee have for some time been busy in classifying the various sections and exhibits, and have obtained many promises of support from both home districts and foreign countries. If the success of the enterprise could be measured by the importance of the subject with which it deals, it will be successful indeed.

Mr E. J. Lowe, F.R.S., who for many years has been engaged in meteorological observations, has lately made a most generous offer to the nation. Recognising the importance of regular observations on our western coasts, where barometrical waves can be carefully watched on their arrival across the Atlantic, and before they get modified in character by journeying over Britain, he proposes the erection of an observatory near Chepstow. He offers to give the site, to find lime and stone for building purposes, to present his valuable collection of instruments, books, and papers to the proposed establishment, and to start the enterprise with his guidance and advice—on condition that a sufficient sum be raised to build the observatory, and to endow it with income enough for the maintenance of a limited staff of assistants. Before this offer was made public, Mr Lowe gave notice of his intention to the Meteorological Office, who sent down their Secretary to view the proposed site and to report upon the same. The report having been satisfactory in every way, the department will endeavour to help the scheme to the best of their power, and will undertake to publish returns for this Bristol Channel Observatory, when complete. It only now remains for the public to back Mr Lowe's generous action, not only with their mere approval, but in a more substantial manner.

Our American friends have lately been much excited concerning some supposed human footprints in sandstone discovered in Nevada. Perhaps their excitement has been increased by the knowledge that two eminent authorities differ in their readings of this story of the rocks—one maintaining that the footprints were those made by some race of big-footed men, and the other being as confident that a large sloth is responsible for them. The latter view would seem to be the most probable. Each footprint measures from eighteen to twenty inches in length, and is about eight inches wide. It is considered that their size—and more especially the distance between the right and left series, about eighteen inches—is strong evidence that they are not of human origin. Photographs and casts of the footprints, which have since been carefully examined, confirm this view.

Some very interesting and successful experiments have lately been made in the Zuider Zee with Professor Holmes's Siren Fog-horn, which point to the conclusion that collisions can be rendered almost impossible by its use. The object of the experiments was to ascertain how far the apparatus was available for carrying on a conversation between two ships by means of short and long sounds, on the dot-and-dash or Morse alphabet system. Two vessels were chosen for these experiments, and on each was a fog-horn blown by steam and worked by a telegraph clerk. The ships separated until they were out of one another's sight; but in spite of this, a conversation was briskly kept up, and was readily read off and understood. We can easily understand how by means of such an equipment a ship, on hearing another's fog-horn, could inquire what course she was steering, and other particulars which would happily prevent all chance of collision. An amusing incident occurred during the progress of the experiments referred to. The captain of an outward-bound steamer fancying that the unusual sounds represented the groans of anguish of a vessel in distress, bore down on one of the signalling vessels to render prompt assistance. When he found out the real cause of the unwonted noise, he turned back, and vented his disgust in no measured terms.

Any foreign artist visiting the English metropolis with a view to studying the statues of our great men that he finds among the streets and squares of the city, would soon be prompted to exclaim that they do not come up to a very high standard. Many of them appear to be of one pattern, which exhibits a gentleman in a frockcoat and high collar, with his right leg bent forward, and his extended arm holding what purports to be a roll of paper, but which might pass for a policeman's truncheon. The equestrian statue of the Iron Duke has now happily been taken down; and it is announced that competitive designs for a new statue of the great General will shortly be invited. Commenting upon this, 'An Engineer,' and evidently a severely practical one, writes to the *Times*, and suggests that as a good statue of Wellington, modelled from life, is already available at Edinburgh, the best course to pursue would be to cast another from it. He argues, that in his profession, where a good model already exists, it is copied, and that the result is generally much better than if a new design were attempted. The idea is original, and will probably be received with disgust by rising artists. But although the proposal will hardly be seriously entertained, it will do good in reminding our sculptors, that if they cannot produce first-class work, there is a means at hand of duplicating the works of acknowledged merit which we already possess.

A proposed statue to another great man is also just now exciting public attention; we allude to the scheme for keeping green the memory of William Murdock, the inventor of gas-lighting and many other things besides. Associated for nearly the whole of his life with Boulton and Watt at the famous Soho works, he stamped his genius on many a contrivance which brought fame and profit to others, whilst their inventor remained almost unknown. But his chief work was the discovery of the system of gas-lighting,

which, however much we are tempted to complain of, with the glories of electricity before us, has been of vast importance to the world at large. It seems curious that the inventor of such an important system should have remained almost unknown for so many years. He gave his invention freely to the community, whereas, had he selfishly protected it by patents and royalties, his fame would have been noised abroad. It is now proposed to erect a statue to his honour on the Thames Embankment, and to purchase his residence at Birmingham for the establishment of an International Gas Museum, combined with a Reading-room and Library for the use of the working-classes. A Committee has been formed with that laudable object, under the presidency of Sir William Siemens.

In the middle of last month there sailed from the Thames two vessels, the *Dacia* and the *International*, both belonging to the Telegraph Works Company, whose mission it was to survey the route, and to lay a new cable between Cadiz and the Canary Islands. The different countries of the world are now so connected with these ocean lines of communication, that the expedition referred to may not be considered to have any special interest attached to it. This might be the case if cable-laying were the only purpose contemplated; but on this occasion the expedition carries a scientist, Mr J. Y. Buchanan, whose experience as a member of the *Challenger* Expedition qualifies him for the work he has to do. It is intended to combine the commercial purposes of the voyage with a systematic course of scientific observations. Although much has been done by other governments in deep-sea research, nothing has been done by Britain since the cruise of the *Challenger*. The Telegraph Company are now determined to take up the matter as a private enterprise, and they are entitled to all honour for doing so. It is intended to land at the Salvage Islands—a little known group, lying between Madeira and the Canary Islands—to collect specimens there, and to ascertain whether these points of land have any connection with certain submarine banks or plateaux discovered by recent soundings.

Some new life-saving appliances lately formed the subject of certain interesting experiments on the Thames. Copeman's Seat Life-buoy consists of deck-seating in eight-foot lengths, furnished underneath with metal cylinders nine inches in diameter, which form air-chambers. The seat is hinged, so that it will, when required, open out and form a floating raft. In the experiments referred to, which took place from a Thames steamer, several men jumped into the water, and quickly found a resting-place on the buoys thrown to them. The seats can also be joined together to form a life-raft, which can be arranged for use, as was demonstrated, by four men in as many minutes. This life-raft was boarded by eight men, and exhibited great buoyancy and handiness. It can be fitted with a sail if required. These rafts are intended for large vessels, and have already been adopted by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. The seat-buoys are more especially constructed for river and channel work, and will no doubt be largely adopted.

We learn from the *Standard* that Dr Ayres, a colonial surgeon, has made an official Report on

the subject of Opium-smoking, which has caused no little stir at Hong-kong. He asserts his belief that, contrary to preconceived ideas, the habit of opium-smoking has no effect whatever upon the human body in a medical sense. He himself has smoked twelve pipes at a time, and has carefully watched Europeans who have indulged in the habit to the same degree. There is, he says, no alteration in the pulse, temperature, or cerebral faculties. He believes that the noxious properties of the drug are destroyed in the process of combustion, and that beyond the habit being a very mischievous one for those who cannot afford the idleness which it entails, he looks upon it as being harmless. Views of a similar nature have been held by others; but it would be as well if, in the interests of science, some authoritative trials were made as to the effect of the drug when used like tobacco. Of course, no one questions its poisonous properties when simply eaten.

We are indebted to the journal named *The Dyer* for some interesting notes relative to the artificial colouring of growing flowers by applying dye-stuffs to the mould in the pots, and changing the tints of cut flowers by allowing their stems to soak in weak dye solutions. The colour can, it is said, be altered at will by these means without in any way impairing the freshness or perfume of the flowers. Beautiful effects are produced by prepared lakes; but the exact preparation is unfortunately not described. Flowers will absorb some tints in preference to others, and when treated with a secondary colour like purple—made up of blue and red—will in some cases separate the constituents, and exhibit blue and red veins. It would seem that these curious experiments open up a field of inquiry which has been very little trenching upon, and no doubt some of our readers will be anxious to try their hands at painting, or rather dyeing, the lily.

Mr Herkomer, the eminent artist, is engaged in establishing at Bushey, near Watford, an Art School, which will be unique so far as this country is concerned. It will be for him a labour of love; for although he will be the sole master, his services will be given gratuitously to the sixty students whom he intends to gather round him. No one will receive payment for services rendered, except the necessary servants and the models employed. On such liberal conditions the expenses to the students will be little. Indeed, for a fee of eighteen pounds one can be made free of the establishment for nine months, that period being the minimum time for which a student must engage to work with Mr Herkomer. Every student is required to send in specimens of his work, for the school is not intended for mere beginners. The work will be entirely from living figures, and life-sized studies will be chiefly encouraged. It is obvious that only very few of the hundreds of applicants who will endeavour to gain admission, can be enrolled on Mr Herkomer's staff. Such admissions will be entirely governed by the proficiency shown in the works sent in.

Mr Serrell, a young American of New York, has just received a gold medal from the Lyons Academy for an ingenious machine he has invented for the automatic reeling of silk from cocoons by means of electricity, which has been warmly received by the French silk-manu-

facturers. By the employment of this contrivance, silk can now be wound off the cocoons, which was previously impracticable, on account of the heavy cost of the labour expended on the work.

Musicians will be glad to hear that a neat and simple little contrivance for turning over the pages of music has been invented by an Armenian mechanic named Erghanian, and patented in several European countries. This small apparatus is worked silently by a treadle, and gently picks up the page, which it lays smoothly on the opposite one. It can be applied to any ordinary music-stand, and will doubtless be of great use in orchestras, avoiding by its use the pause and flapping of leaves, when the violin-players have to wait and turn over the pages of their music.

M. Fréchelle, a French chemist, has ascertained by a delicate analysis that a great deal of milk sold to the public, in addition to being adulterated with water, has sirup of glucose mixed with it. This glucose has the effect of bringing the milk up to its normal density, and therefore defies detection by the use of an ordinary lactometer.

A patriotic manufacturer at Rouen has designed some handkerchiefs for the purpose of diffusing military knowledge. They are printed on linen in indestructible black. The information was compiled by two officers of high position; and besides comprising a complete system of drill, valuable hygienic information is given, and all sorts of instruction appear as to the best means of rendering assistance to the wounded, and how to help a comrade home who is injured. Great personal cleanliness is enjoined, and sound advice given as to hunger, thirst, sleeping, marching, &c. In fact, nothing is forgotten, and the whole forms a complete encyclopædia of military information. Patriotism is encouraged by such sentences as, 'Love your country before everything; always be ready for defence;' 'Never forget that the true soldier is like a lion when fighting, and a lamb after victory.'

Last month we referred to the Strontia process of extracting sugar from beetroot molasses, and stated that the value of beetroot sugar imported into England annually was ten thousand pounds sterling. This sum should have been ten million pounds. The increase of this import during the last ten years has been very great. In 1870, one hundred and sixty-five thousand tons of beetroot sugar were imported to this country, and in 1882 the quantity had risen to four hundred thousand tons.

BOOK GOSSIP.

A VERY entertaining little production, entitled *Sea Monsters Unmasked*, forms one of the series of handbooks issued in connection with the Great International Fisheries Exhibition. It is written by Mr Henry Lee, sometime naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium. He begins with a brief account of ancient legends and traditions as to the monstrous marine animals which were popularly believed to exist in the less travelled regions of ocean. The subject of many of these old superstitions was the semi-fabulous kraken, which is referred to in a Norwegian manuscript as far

back as A.D. 1180. It has been spoken of by many writers since, some of whom tell us that it was of such enormous dimensions that a regiment of soldiers could conveniently manœuvre on its back. By a learned Dane we are informed that on one occasion a certain bishop found the kraken quietly reposing on the shore, and mistaking the enormous creature for a huge rock, erected an altar upon it, and performed mass. 'The kraken respectfully waited till the ceremony was concluded, and the reverend prelate safe on shore, and then sank beneath the waves.' The back or upper part of the kraken was believed to be an English mile and a half in circumference, and one old naturalist who mentions this, adds: 'Some say more, but I chuse the least for greater certainty.' The same writer, describing the kraken as seen rising to the surface of the sea, says it 'looks at first like a number of small islands surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like sea-weeds.' The probability is, as Mr Lee suggests, that the story of this monstrous animal was nothing more than an exaggerated account of some octopus or other large animal of the cuttle-fish tribe.

Immense cuttle-fishes have certainly been seen, and those who are interested in the octopus and such like, will find many curious and striking incidents connected with them related in Mr Lee's pages. That modern mystery, the Great Sea Serpent, also receives from the author a very fair degree of attention, and the historical notes which he has collected on the subject afford reading of an attractive kind. Mr Lee's conclusions, as respects this wonder of the sea, are: (1) That, without straining resemblances, or casting a doubt upon narratives not proved to be erroneous, the various appearances of the supposed 'Great Sea Serpent' may now be nearly all accounted for by the forms and habits of known animals; but (2) That to assume that naturalists have perfect cognisance of every existing marine animal of large size would be quite unwarrantable; therefore, it is not impossible that among these animals may be marine snakes of greater dimensions than we are aware of. On more than one occasion the latter theory has been supported in this *Journal*.

Another handbook issued under the same auspices as the foregoing, deals with the subject of *The Salmon Fisheries*. It is written by Mr Charles E. Fryer, and will be of much use to all who take an interest in the propagation of salmon and the increase of our salmon supply. The handbook deals with such matters as the fecundity of the salmon, its life-history, the various changes the fish undergoes from the egg to the full-grown animal, through its different stages of parr, smolt, and grilse. Attention is also given to the various legal enactments which have been framed for the better regulation of salmon fisheries and the prevention of abuses. The cause of the deterioration of these fisheries is discussed, and suggestions made for their improvement and extension, including the whole machinery of weirs, mill-dams, salmon ladders or passes, as well as the artificial propagation of the fry. Both

this and the before noticed handbook are, it may be added, carefully illustrated, and each is published at the price of one shilling.

In the palmy days of our old friend *Fraser's Magazine*, there appeared in its pages, between 1830 and 1838, a series of eighty-one portraits and groups, under the title of 'A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters,' the greater number of which portraits were from the graphic pencil of the late distinguished artist, Daniel Maclise, R.A. On two former occasions these portraits were collected in whole or in part, and separately published, the public quickly buying up the editions; and now a third collection has been made and published by Messrs Chatto and Windus, London, under the title of *The Maclise Portrait Gallery*. In this edition the portraits have been reproduced in a reduced, but avowedly accurate form, and are accompanied by notes, biographical and critical, by Mr William Bates, B.A.

The book will be acceptable to many, yet it is not altogether to be commended. In the first place, it is to be regretted that the portraits have been reduced, as they thus at once fall in value as compared with former issues. Then the notes are needlessly extensive; they occupy five hundred closely-printed pages in small type, and seem to us to be prolix and unmethodical. But apart from these obvious defects, the volume will always command much interest. The portraits are unfailingly clever, and generally highly characteristic, especially those of Lockhart, Scott, Rogers, Talleyrand, Hogg, Benjamin Disraeli (late Lord Beaconsfield), Thomas Carlyle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and some others. Any one who is content to look at the portraits, and only take an occasional dip into the somewhat chaotic text, will find amusement and pleasure for many a quiet half-hour.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WORKMEN'S HOMES AND PUBLIC-HOUSES— A PRACTICAL WORK.

SINCE the publication of 'Workmen's Homes and Public-houses,' in last month's issue of this *Journal*, we have received the gratifying intelligence that there is at least one Abstinence Society which, in the words of our informant, is 'working on the lines suggested by the writer of our article.' This is the Glasgow Abstainers' Union, the twenty-ninth annual Report of which is before us. For the guidance of others interested in the work of social reform, we may state what are the objects of the Union referred to, as given in this Report. They are: (1) A Domestic Mission, to improve the condition and increase the comforts of the working-man's home; (2) Cookery Classes, to endeavour to remove one of the recognised causes of intemperance—unsuitable and badly cooked food; (3) Public-houses without the Drink, to provide comfortable places of resort for working-men in the evenings, and during the day substantial well-cooked meals; (4) A Sea-side Home, to help in restoring to

health industrious poor people who are unable to help themselves or those depending on them, by reason of weakness or ill-health; (5) Saturday Evening Concerts, to provide popular and innocent entertainment for the masses of the people on Saturday night, and to promote a taste for good music; (6) Asylum Concerts, to promote in some small measure the enjoyment and well-being of the patients; and (7) the Abstinence Pledge, to assist personal efforts to overcome drinking habits, and to provide a safeguard against the forming of such.

In connection with the second of these objects—cooking classes—it is pleasing to observe that the work of the Glasgow Abstinents' Union has taken a very practical shape, in respect that they held in April last, and are again to hold in January next, an Exhibition and Competition of Plain Household Cookery. The prospectus states that the Directors of the Union, 'in their efforts to lessen and counteract the evil influence and attractions of the public-houses, endeavour through their Domestic Mission Agencies to improve the condition and increase the comforts of the working-man's home, and believe that, amongst other things, if substantial, well-cooked, and tidily set meals were more common, there would be much less drinking.' They have for some time past conducted Cookery Classes in their mission districts; and in order still further to promote the object they have in view, they arranged for a Competition in Domestic Cookery, as stated, which took place in April last; and as it excited considerable interest, and was most successful, they have been encouraged to make arrangements for a second competition in January. The prize-list is well apportioned, and encourages competition in the making of broth, pea-soup, rice-soup from bones, lentil soup, Irish stew, &c.; in the boiling of beef, potatoes, &c.; in the cooking of tripe, steak, mutton-chop, and the like; as also of baking potato, wheat-meal, and barley-meal scones; and a number of other dishes suitable to the working-man's table and within his means. The objects of this Union are of great practical value; and we have no doubt that those who wish to know more of its organization and working will receive the requisite information by applying to the secretary, Mr James Airlie, 58 Bath Street, Glasgow.

OIL ON THE WATERS—AN ANCIENT MIRACLE.

The use of oil in allaying stormy waters is not a modern discovery, as will be seen by the following extract from Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, book iii. chap. 15 (Bohn's edition, p. 133): 'How great the merits of Aidan were was made manifest by the all-seeing Judge, with the testimony of miracles, whereof it will suffice to mention three as a memorial. A certain priest, whose name was Utta, a man of great gravity and sincerity, and on that account honoured by all men, even the princes of the world, being ordered to Kent, to bring from thence, as wife for King Oswy, Eanfleda, the daughter of King Edwin, who had been carried thither when her father was killed; and intending to go thither by land, but to return with the virgin by sea, repaired to Bishop Aidan, entreating him to offer up his

prayers to our Lord for him and his company, who were then to set out on their journey. He, blessing them and recommending them to our Lord, at the same time gave them some holy oil, saying: "I know that when you go abroad you will meet with a storm and contrary wind; but do you remember to cast this oil I give you into the sea, and the wind shall cease immediately; you will have pleasant, calm weather, and return home safe." All which fell out as the bishop had predicted. For, in the first place, the winds raging, the sailors endeavoured to ride it out at anchor, but all to no purpose, for the sea breaking in on all sides and the ship beginning to be filled with water, they all concluded that certain death was at hand. The priest at last remembering the bishop's words, laid hold of the phial and cast some of the oil into the sea, which, as had been foretold, became presently calm. Thus it came to pass that the man of God, by the spirit of prophecy, foretold the storm that was to happen, and by virtue of the same spirit, though absent, appeased the same. Which miracle was not told me by a person of little credit, but by Cynemund, a most faithful priest of our church, who declared that it was related to him by Utta the priest, on and by whom the same was wrought.—It may be added that Bishop Aidan lived twelve and a half centuries ago.

DAUGHTER POTTERY.

A communication has lately been made by M. Peyrussou to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, calling attention to the danger to the public health by the use of pottery which has been finished off with a glaze in the manufacture of which white-lead is used. It is desirable that this form of glaze should be replaced with one made of silicate of soda and borax, as it has been found that the acid of certain vegetables, and even of milk slightly turned, is sufficient to dissolve a portion of lead from the surface, if left in the vessel several hours. This has been the origin of several mysterious cases of illness near Beauvais, with symptoms of slow poisoning, from apparently unknown causes, few people imagining that their sufferings were caused by the earthenware in general use. M. Peyrussou is of opinion that if glazed vessels are placed in water kept at a heat of one hundred degrees for half an hour or so, they lose their dangerous properties, and are no longer acted upon by the acids contained in so many articles of food in daily use.

QUININE FROM GAS-TAR.

For some time we have been accustomed to the idea that the sweetest scents and most brilliant colours, besides powerful disinfectants, are obtained from gas-tar. In addition to these manufactures, we now learn that from this material a useful medicine can be obtained. A long series of experiments carried on by Professor Fischer, an eminent chemist of Munich, has resulted in the discovery of a white powder in the residuum of gas-tar which contains all the medical properties of quinine, added to the advantage that it assimilates more easily with the digestive organs than quinine itself. It has been proved to be wonderfully efficacious in subduing fever, ice being unnecessary. One great advantage of

this discovery will be the cheap rate at which it can be sold, by which means it would be brought within the reach of those poor people who require quinine, but who find it difficult to purchase so expensive a drug.

PHOTOPHORE, AN ELECTRIC LAMP TO ILLUMINATE ORGANIC CAVITIES.

Surgery is likely to derive a substantial benefit by the happy application of an incandescent lamp by M. Hélot and M. Trouvé, as by its employment the hands are left unfettered for operating. This lamp is arranged so that the rays are concentrated and thrown forward; it is of light construction, and is fixed in the centre of the forehead on a band that encircles the head. As this invention is easily managed and gives a powerful light, it is expected to take the place of the various laryngoscopes in use, which, in spite of constant improvements, are always to a certain degree unsatisfactory and incomplete. This instrument will be of especial use in diseases of the throat, eyes, and ears, and in any place where an examination is difficult to make. The photophore can also be mounted on the top of a brass rod and placed on a table; and can be either doubled or quadrupled at pleasure, by which means the eyes of several patients could be examined at the same time.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

ONCE upon a time I pondered,
Musing on things high and deep,
As my castle halls I traversed—
Lofty tower and donjon-keep.

Here, I cried, all is familiar;
Many a year I've owned this place;
Yet, methinks, some closer searching
Unknown mysteries might trace.

Well I know each lofty chamber,
Pillared hall and shadowy cell;
Yet, it may be, there are corners
Where dark things unnoticed dwell.

Here are galleries of beauty,
Where the glorious sunbeams fall;
There are corridors mysterious,
Tenanted by ghosts in thrall.

Haply yonder winding staircase
Leads to chambers unexplored;
I would fain, my lamp re-trimming,
See what chattels there are stored.

What is here—a secret panel?
Never this my gaze hath met;
And I, pausing on the threshold,
Hesitate to enter yet.

Oh! I've passed this very doorway;
Smooth and perfect seemed the wall;
But the lamplight, faint and waning,
Glanced not where the shadows fall.

Courage, Soul! why so reluctant?
Press the spring and enter in.
Ah, what fearful revelation
Meets my gaze—a Secret Sin!

Sorely is my spirit troubled
By this unexpected sight;
But this most unwelcome inmate
Must be dragged forth to the light.

What, another—and another!
This must be the haunted room!
Hark! I hear the spectres pleading
For a respite from their doom:

'Truly you mistake our nature;
False intruders we are not.
Let us dwell in peace and quiet
In this dim secluded spot.

'Know that all our names are noble—
Self-reliance; Dignity;
Moral Worth; Religious Duty;
Prudence; Zeal; and Clemency.'

'False!' I cried, 'are all these titles.
Will they bear the searching light?'
Then I turned the lamp full on them,
And they cowered with affright.

One by one they shrank and quivered
Neath the fiercely blazing flame,
And I read upon each spectre,
Writ in fire—its real name:

Self-reliance was Presumption;
Dignity, a proud flesh-worm;
Moral Worth, Self-exaltation;
And Religious Duty, Form;

Prudence proved Convenient Falsehood;
Zeal, false energy, self-led;
Clemency, a Sin Defender.
How I shuddered as I read!

Quickly then from out its scabbard
Forth my Spirit-sword I drew,
And this band of vile impostors
With its double edge I slew:

Cast them out, and cleansed the chamber,
Letting in a fresher air;
And lo, seven other spirits—
Pure and lovely—entered there!

In that cell a lamp now burneth
With a light that ne'er shall cease;
And the erewhile haunted chamber
Is a home of joy and peace.

ELIZABETH ROWBOTHAM.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, Surname, and Address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.

4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

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